Kent. This way my Lord.

Lear. With him I will keepe ſtill, with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow.

Gloſt. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.

Lear. Come good Athenian.

Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking merit, ſet a worke by a reproueable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the Letter he ſpoke off, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens, that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutches.

Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloceſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty, thogh the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be

be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deſerue your kindneſſe.

Edg. Fretereto cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſſe, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.

Foole. Prethee Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man may bee a Gentleman or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſſing in vpon them.

Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe.

Foole. Hee's mad that truſts in the tameneſſe of a Wolfe, a horſes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou heere moſt learned Iuſtice,
Thou ſapient ſir, ſit heere, now you ſhee Foxes———

Edg. Looke where he ſtands and glars, wantſt thou eies at triall madam, come ore the broome *Beſſy* to me.

Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak,
Why ſhe dares not come ouer to thee.

Edg. The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring, Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no food for thee.

Kent. How do you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd, will you lie downe and reſt vpon the Cuſhions?

Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of iuſtice take thy place, & thou his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his ſide, you are o'th commiſſion, ſit you too.

Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly, ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard,
Thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraigne her firſt, tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly ſhe kickt the poore King her father.

Foole. Come hither Miſtreſſe, is your name *Gonorill*.

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Foole. Cry you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynt ſtoole.

Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt lookes proclaime
What ſtore her heart is made an, ſtop her there,

 Armes,